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[From the Darlington Southerner.]

A WEDDING.

BY MISS CHEESBOROUGH.

"We never could understand how she ever made up her mind to marry him. But she did, and six of her old school mates were summoned to act as her bridesmaids."

"How wonderful this seems," said Estelle Heyward, as we walked up the stairway together. "He is thirty years older than Isabel, and a perfect fright, and so disagreeable."

"He is all that, and he is immensely rich besides."

"Yes; but did you not think that she loved Clinton Johns?"

"I know that she did; but what of that? Women marry one and love another constantly, and men do the same thing, and I suppose that it will continue to be done world without end."

"By this time we had reached the door of the room; we knocked. 'Come in,' said a pleasant voice, and we walked in. There she sat under the gas light, dressed in her bridal dress, waiting for the hour of the ceremony to arrive."

"I am all dressed, you see," she said. "I never like to do things in a hurry, it flusters me. What a clock is it, Estelle?"

"It has just struck seven."

"And I am to be married at eight."

"You have one hour yet," replied Estelle, "to ponder, and repeat, after that you need do nothing."

"I have done all the pondering I expect to do, and as to repeating, well, when I have once made up my mind to do a thing, I make it a rule never to repeat. Now, sit down both of you, and look at me; how do I look?"

"You are as pale as a ghost," replied Estelle; "and your eyes look as if—"

"I meant my dress, Estelle," she interrupted her. "My face is of no consequence; if I do look pale, no wonder, for, for two days, I have had frightful twinges of pain in my heart. I wish you to observe my dress. Mr. Cleveland insisted upon sending to Paris for the dress in which I was to be married; this and the diamonds I wear are his wedding present to me."

"He spoke calmly enough, but we knew that it was assumed. Save for the uncouthly pale of her face, she would have looked beautiful. The dress was splendid enough for a queen; it was of rich satin, covered with a mesh-like lace over-dress, which was looped up with long sprays of orange blossoms. Diamonds glittered at her waist, on her bosom, in her ears, on her neck, around her wrists and in her hair, whose midnight darkness seemed to show them to greater advantage."

"Well, what do I look like?"

"You look," I said, "as if all the diamonds of Golconda had been emptied upon you."

"And your dress is superb, Estelle, remarked."

"I hope that you may be as happy as you will be rich, Isabel," I said.

"She looked at me a moment with the tears shimmering in her large dark eyes, and replied:

"Happiness I really never expect to enjoy; if I am contented, that is all I calculate on."

"We sat in silence and looked at her, this victim, dressed out for the sacrifice."

"Don't stare at me as you are doing, Estelle," she said, driving back the tears, "with that hopeless look on your face. I am not marrying simply for money, as you seem to think."

"What, then, are you marrying for love?"

"She arose from her seat; how splendid she looked as she trailed her train after her. Twice she walked the length of the room, then she folded her arms and stood in front of us. 'I shall never forget that vision of splendor and woman's despair as I looked up at her. Her eyes flashed as she spoke and her delicately cut nostrils dilated."

"Marry for love," she said, "no; I carry a dead heart. I loved once, ah! how well. I was but fifteen years old when I first loved Clinton Johns; I am now twenty-five, and I never ceased to love him, until I became convinced that he did not love me. He was attentive to me, he allowed no one else to pay me the same attentions; he said and did enough to create hope, but not enough to satisfy love. For ten years he hovered around me, for ten years I alternated between hope and despair. Then my pride revolted, and I said, 'I'll break this chain which galls me, I'll burst these fetters which bind me to him. Did I do it easily? No; but I did it. I wrenched my heart, but I did it. I do not, I cannot ever love again; I can live without loving; I have done with that pleasant dream forever and forever."

"Her voice which had been vehement, died away to almost a whisper, but we heard that 'forever and forever,' and it sounded to our ears like the wailings of despair. She threw herself on the chair, and began again:

"When you see me stand up to be married, don't pity me, for I am doing the very best thing I could do under these circumstances. I could not sit still and see her feed upon itself;

I must have change, excitement; my trip to Europe will give me this. Mr. Cleveland's wealth will bestow what I need. I am only like a great many other women; we are not all destined for a happy love. Hush! Here are the other bridesmaids, and the door was pushed open, and four radiant girls entered."

"Splendid! magnificent!" cried a chorus of voices; "How superb you look! how happy you must be!"

"And there she sat, pale and silent, with her hands pressed on her heart. Glittering like a fair queen, but, ah! how miserable."

"Well, until eight o'clock, we sat and looked at her and admired her and examined her rich bridal present. Then we heard a flutter in the entry, and we knew it was time to go down. Mr. Beaumont had come for his daughter."

"Well, my princess, are you ready?" he said.

"Yes," she replied, as she took her father's arm. I noticed that she somewhat shrank back, but she soon recovered herself, and proceeded with a steady step, while we followed her. In the library we found the groom and his six attendants; among them stood Clinton Johns. He came forward with that easy, half-impudent manner of his, and taking Isabel's hand, said, while he fixed his pleasant-looking brown eyes upon her:

"Do you know since I have been here this evening I have asked myself one question several times; shall I tell you what it is?"

"She merely bowed her head."

"Why did I never think of asking you to marry me?"

"I saw her put her hand to her heart and shiver, as if she was cold."

"It's too late now, Isabel."

"Too late," she said, as she turned away and took the arm of Mr. Cleveland."

"Paired off with our groomsmen, we followed the bride and groom into the drawing-room. It seems to me that I can see the scene now, the brilliant company, the rich floral decorations, the splendidly furnished room, and the bride, gorgeously attired in white. We circled around her, and the bishop pronounced the marriage service; as it progressed, the bride seemed to grow paler. Suddenly she staggered, a dozen arms were thrust forward to uphold her, and she fell fainting as we thought into those of Clinton Johns. He bore her to the sofa and laid her down; she never spoke; we gathered at a distance around her, as not to impede the free circulation of air, but Clinton Johns remained beside her. I never saw any human being whiter or more radiantly beautiful than she was, as she lay on that crimson velvet sofa, in her glittering attire. She fixed her dying eyes—oh, alas! she was dying—on the handsome face of the man she loved so well, gave a few short gasps and was dead. It was so sudden, so horrible, that it seemed to strike us all dumb. Scarcely less white than the dead woman's was the face of the man who slew her, for slay her he did. I wonder if his conscience never accused him of being her murderer. One by one the bridesmaids stole up to her and kissed the white brow. 'Poor Isabel,' sobbed Estelle, 'your bridal is in heaven.' The doctor said that she died of heart disease, but I always thought that her heart had broken. She said she wrenched it, but you know that it is hardly possible she could give it such a wrench without breaking it. What do you think?"

"I think there are more broken hearts than the world knows of," I said.

"Some blow comes down with frightful force."

"Some sorrow overtakes: Poor heart! it struggles sadly on, And then, at last, it breaks."

"That's what the poet says, and I suppose that it is so. What became of Clinton Johns?"

"He married, of course; and as selfish, heartless men are apt to do, he married for money. I met him a few nights since at the opera; he came into my box. I had been away for several months, and it was the first time I had seen him since his marriage. He pointed out a dark, low-browed, short, stout woman, shockingly over-dressed, who sat fanning herself with a huge pink feather fan in an opposite box, as his wife."

"Why, dear me," I said, "how very unlike poor dear Isabel. People thought you were in love with her."

"Oh, yes, and I really did like her very much you know; we were quite young when we first began to love each other."

"Like you, indeed? Why the loved you, and you broke her heart. I don't see how you can ever smile again."

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed, jumping up. Good-bye; I must return to my wife, and he rushed out of my box. "I think he loved Isabel as much as his selfish heart could love; by her sacrifice to his cupidity, a many a woman is sacrificed in the same way."

"You had better ask for manners than money," said a richly dressed gentleman to a beggar who asked for alms. "I asked you for what I thought you had the most of—we the money."

Western Customs.

I haven't dated this letter, as I don't know where I am. I am about nine miles from Julesburg, at a little settlement on the South Platte River. At daylight to-morrow, I am to catch some of the finest salmon I ever saw. They will not bite at any other time of day. I suppose they learn this disagreeable habit of early breakfasting from the "Bull Whackers," who navigate these plains. I am stopping at a little hotel, about thirty by ten. The scariest thing in this country is lumber, settlers, having to pay ever so many dollars a foot for all they use, besides what they brought in their valises. The landlord is from Pennsylvania, and seems to be doing a thriving business. By dint of hard talking and liberal promises, I got a room to myself. It is just large enough for the bed and candle box, set on a chair, upon which I am writing this letter. It is in one end of the building and separated from the next room by a bed quilt, which you must crawl under to come in or go out. But it is my room, and after the jolting I have had upon the Indian pony, I expect to have a good night's sleep."

Was ever a poor pilgrim in such a fix? Just as I had written "nights," and had "sleep" on the point of my pen, I heard a knocking on the floor outside the bed quilt. "Crawl under," said I.

Enter the landlord's daughter, a buxom young lady, about seventeen years of age. I should judge. She opened her rosy lips, and spoke as follows:

"Mister, don't take off your clothes to-night when you go to bed."

"Why?"

"Because I'm going to sleep with you."

"Well, if you have no better reasons than that—"

"Hush! Shet up! You told me that you would sleep with a man."

"I had rather sleep with a wet dog."

"Well, I have given up my bed to a sick man. I have been hard at work all day, and have to work hard all day to-morrow, and I can't afford to set up all night. That bed is wide enough for us both. I shall stay on the back side, and if you don't stay on your side, you'd better, that's all."

As she said this she raised from her dress pocket an infernal jack knife, such as farmers use in trimming fruit trees, and then let it fall back with a clug. I comprehended the situation in half a moment, and unto this incident I quote as follows:

"My young lady, your intentions may or may not be honorable. I am traveling entirely by myself. My name protects me miles and miles away, beyond the boundless prairie ignorant of the perils which may beset their idol. Thus far I have not been insulted by your sex. I am a man of but few words, but they are always emphatic. I will give up a part of that bed, and that's all I will do. If you attempt, during the silent watches of the night, anything contrary to this firm determination, by St. Joseph, my patron saint, I will shoot you right through the middle."

As I concluded, I laid a Shocum pistol upon the candle box. A low chuckle outside the bed quilt gave evidence that the potent family had approved the arrangement. My antagonist just laughed, and saying, "Mister, I reckon we understand each other," bounded over to the back side of the bed. There she is, now, pretending to be asleep. I can't finish this letter. I can't do anything. Talk about the trials of the earlier saints—about being broiled over live coals—about being flayed alive—about being broiled on oil. What would that be to all this?"

Soluble Glass.

Waterglass is now used extensively for cleansing oily cotton waste. It has been used to advantage in rope walks and jute factories; applied to walls and ceilings, it not only renders the wood comparatively fire proof, but prevents accumulation of fibrous dust. Two coatings applied to cement cisterns for holding water neutralize the effect of the lime in the cement, and prevent hardening of the water. Half a pint of silicate of soda, added to a vatful of common lime wash, gives beautiful gloss, and adds to its permanence, especially when exposed to the weather. A paste made of silicate of soda and asbestos is used as a cement on joints connecting sulphuric acid lead chambers. A paste made with common anthracite coal ashes gives a cement which will harden into stone in less than an hour. For cheapness and facility of application in coating casks in which grease is packed, kegs for lead ground in oil, hard caddies, butter firkins, etc., to prevent leakage silicate of soda is unequalled.—*Industrial Record.*

The reason why a watch is called a watch is, evidently, because it is always on its guard.

Squills.

MR. SQUILLS HAS BEEN RUNNING FOR OFFICE AND GOT LEFT.

When I got home last night, said Squills, the old lady was up waiting for me. I knew there was something in soak. There always is when she sits propped up in bed reading, and I know it."

"I wasn't feeling pretty good, said Squills, for I had been whitewashed in the convention, sold out body, boots and breeches, and I felt like a board yard he cat with his back hair curled the wrong side up."

"Have you got the nomination, Squills, dear?"

"I knew she had seen the evening paper, but I said, 'No, love,' as mildly as if conventions and all such snares were beneath my notice."

"Not got the nomination, Mr. Squills?"

"No, Mrs. Squills, not that the court is aware of at this present writing. Certainly not."

"Then what do you expect to get for all the whisky you've been pouring down those fellow's throats?"

"What fellow's throat?"

"Your friends who have been trapping in and out of my house, Mr. Squills, and borrowing your poor children's money, and running you into all kinds of disreputable places to hunt up votes, and sneaking you off into the country to barbecues and infamous resorts, paying for buggies, and making ridiculous remarks, which I know you paid the reporters to work up into a speech."

A nice thing you have done for yourself and me and the poor children, and then, after all, not to get anything for your pains I'm ashamed of you, Mr. Squills. If I could afford a blush for so wretched a being, Squills, I would blush for you, but I can't, and what's more, I won't. Don't tell me, Squills, that you don't want me to blush for you and you sitting there just as mad as a half-buff of hornets. After you telling me, too, and the dear child, that she should have a new silk when you got the nomination."

A nice nomination you've got, those fellows who took your money and your whisky just laughing at you, and thinking what a fool you are for believing them. That's what hurts me in the tenderest point Squills."

"About this time," said Squills, I put out the light, tumbled into bed, and prepared to go to sleep, but Mrs. Squills still kept at it with forty Squill power."

After a time exhausted nature gave way, and she was silent. Then I felt a singular jiggling of the bed, and I turned round and said, "Mrs. Squills, is that you? What in the world are you doing that for. If you want to laugh, laugh, but don't shake as if you had the back-ache."

"O, what a politician you are, Squills," said she. "Two weeks canvassing, and then to be stunk by a tadpole!"

"To keep peace in the family," said Squills. "I had to promise that dress or something else, as for the tadpole business, what can you explain to a woman?"

Have Two Strings to Your Bow.

"Well, Hodge," said a skeptic to a worthy cottager, who was on his way home from church, "so you are trudging home after enjoying the fine balmy breezes this morning?"

"Sir," said the man, "I have been to the house of God to hear the holy word."

"Ah! are you one of those weak and ignorant folks that, in these country places, believe the parsons and the Bible, and who never enjoy yourselves on a Sunday?"

"Well, Mr. Stranger, but do you know, weak ignorant as we country people are, we like to have two strings to our bow?"

"Two strings to your bow! what do you mean by that?"

"Why, sir, I mean that to believe the Bible, and not up to it, is like having two strings to my bow; for even should it turn out to be untrue, I shall have been a better and happier man in this world for living according to its dictates; and so it will be for my good in that respect—here is one string; and if it should prove true, it will be better for me in the world to come—there is another string, a da prety strong one it is. But, sir, if you disbelieve the Bible, and on that account do not live as it requires you have not even one string to your bow. And oh! if the tremendous threats of the Bible prove true, what will become of you then?"

This plain appeal to common sense silenced the city ginsayer, and afforded proof that he was not quite so wise as he supposed."

A physician was walking along a road in the country one day. He met an old man who had a bottle of whiskey sticking out of his coat pocket.

"Is this the way to the poor house sir?" asked the old man, pointing in the direction in which he was walking.

"No, sir," answered the physician; "but this is," laying his hand on the bottle of whiskey. The doctor was both witty and wise."

Drink, But Remember,

If you think it is your duty to drink intoxicating liquors by all means do so. On no account violate your conscientious convictions, but while you raise the cup to your lips, remember that this draught represents the bread of a starving brother, for the food of at least six million persons is yearly grasped by the maltster and distiller, and its nourishment destroyed."

Remember that so long as you are in health, these liquors are unnecessary two thousand medical men have asserted it, and hundreds of thousands of teetotallers have proved it."

Remember that most persons who act as you do injure their health and shorten their lives by so doing."

Remember that not drunkards alone, but drinking, fills our jails and penitentiaries, our poor houses, and lunatic asylums; employs our coroners and our langmen, and both sexes, of which humane institutions takes cognizance."

Remember that drinking retards education, industry, and every branch of political and social improvement."

Remember that multitudes yearly die drunkards deaths and go to meet a drunkard's doom."

Remember that multitude fall from your moderate ranks to recruit the waste army of drunkards."

Remember that every drunkard once tried to follow the example you set and on trial fell from his slippery ground into the whirlpool of intemperance."

Remember that if you sanction the custom, you are answerable for its fruits."

Remember that if the weak and timid ones look to you, and that under God it depends on you whether they may be drunkards or sober men."

Remember that to him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not to him it is sin; and there is a woe for that man through whom offense cometh to the lit tle ones."

Remember that you cannot be neutral, that there will be a day when you will be unable to plead ignorance."

Remember that all this weight of responsibility rests upon you, as you raise that cup, if you think it right, but we envy not your conscience."

Buying a Railroad.

The fact that fruit cars are hauled from San Francisco to Chicago for \$1,500 per car reminds the editor of a little story. Shortly after the completion of the Union Pacific an old friend of ours and an inveterate wag, Ed. Ray, who owns a big ranch in Carson Valley Nevada, came through to Chicago, and while in the city concluded to buy a car-load of agricultural implements for use of his farm. He visited the Union Pacific office, and enquired the price of a car, and the agent, taking his address promised to drop him a line giving him the rates. In due time the notification arrived, the figure being somewhere up in the thousands. Ed. read the note carefully, and they sent the following reply:

"Dear Sir: I regret that I was not a little more explicit in my language yesterday. Your figure would imply that you understood me as being desirous of buying your railroad, whereas I wish only to hire one car one trip. When I desire to purchase a railroad I shall hunt up one that is held at lower figures than you hold yours."

"E. RAY."

The result was that Ed. was hunted up, and negotiations entered into by which he got his car at a reasonable price, on the ground we believe, of being a resident of Nevada, engaged in "building up the country."

How to Make Farm Life Attractive

1. By less hard work. Farmers often undertake more than they can do well, and consequently work too early and too late.

2. By more system. The farmer should have a time to begin and stop labor. They should put more mind and machinery into their work. They should theorize as well as practice, and let both go together. Farming is moral, healthy and respectable; and, in the long run, may be made profitable. The farmer should keep good stock, and out of debt.

3. By taking care of health. Farmers have a healthy variety of exercise, but too often neglect cleanliness, eat irregularly and hurriedly, sleep in ill ventilated apartments and expose themselves needlessly to cold.

4. By adorning the home. Books, papers, music and reading, should all be brought to bear upon the indoor family entertainments; and neatness and comfort, order, shrubbery, flowers and fruits should harmonize all without. There would be fewer desecrations of old home stands if pains were taken to make them agreeable. Ease, order, health and beauty are compatible with farm life, and were ordained to go with it."

Three Tons of Hay Per Acre.

Mr. George Geddes reports that he cut and drew eighty loads of timothy and clover hay from nineteen acres, and that an average load weighed 1,500 pounds; thus the whole field must have yielded three tons per acre. He also reports Mr. Swaby, of Seneca Falls, as having drawn forty loads from twelve acres of clover. These were certainly fine crops, but it must be remembered that hay as drawn from the field will shrink from ten to twelve per cent. and that these three tons will not weigh out more than two and one-half tons, at most, in winter. Mr. Geddes also cut a second crop of clover seed of three to six bushels to an acre. He thinks the land can stand this sort of cropping by making clover and timothy the principal crop to be fed out on the farm or put off year after year. He instances the fact that, probably, this crop on this nineteen acres is the largest that has ever been cut on it."

We doubt the soundness of this theory, whatever may be the fact of this particular piece of land. There must certainly be carried off in seed and flesh of animals much fertility, and this is not replaced by the manure returned. This land, by good cultivation, may have abundant fertility to supply crops for a life-time, but the end must come unless the mineral constituents are returned, in some form, to the soil.—*Rural Home.*

"Lie By Till Morning."

Does the reader remember the loss of the vessel called the "Central America"? She was in a bad state, had sprung a leak and was going down, and she hoisted a signal of distress. A ship came close to her, the captain of which asked, through the trumpet, "What is amiss?" "We are in bad repair and are going down," "Lie by till morning," was the answer. But the captain on board the rescue ship said, "Let me take your passengers on board now." "Lie by till morning," was the message which came back. Once again the captain cried, "You had better let me take your passengers on board now." "Lie by till morning," was the reply which sounded through the trumpet. About an hour and a half after, the lights were missing, and though no sound was heard, she and all on board had gone down to the fathomless abyss."

Procrastination.

It is a snowy day, and some boys have put a few bricks together, making a sort of square box of them; they have set up one edge on a piece of stick, and have scattered under it a few crumbs. Here comes a robin, and he picks up a crumb or two, and while he is feeding, down comes the brick! "I did not wait long," says the robin, "but I caught it! I did not wait long, but I caught it! I did not wait long, but I have lost my liberty! I did not wait long, but it may be I shall lose my life! Ah! little robin, thou shalt be a preacher to some here. They have gone a little into sin and they are inclined to-night to wait a little while. Take care that this is not your dolorous note one of these days, I did not wait long, but Satan has caught me in his trap! I did not wait long, but I waited too long! I did not wait long, but I lost my soul for ever!"

A little five year old boy was being instructed in morals by his grandfather. The old lady told him that such terms as "by golly," "by jingo," "by thunder," etc., were only little oaths, and but little better than other profanities. In fact, she said he could tell a profane word by the prefix "by."

All such were oaths. "Well then, grandfather," said the little hopeful, "is 'by telegraph,' which I see in the newspapers, swearing?" "No," said the old lady, "that's only lying."

It makes a great difference whether glasses are used over or under the nose.

When a widow in any neighborhood sets her cap for a young man, there isn't one chance in a million for any young woman to win, even if she holds the four aces.

"How much do you sell these tearful bulbs?" asked an afflicted young lady of a green grocer. He stared at her a moment, recovered himself, and said, "Oh, them inuns?" By the rope?"

A man at Andover, Mass., does not believe in the fall prices, because he has just said for fifty cents a pocket knife which he bought for that price in 1869, and has used steadily for sixty four years.

A little girl who had great kindness of heart for all the animal creation, saw a hen preparing to gather her chickens under her sheltering wings, and shouted earnestly; "Oh, don't sit down on those beautiful, little birds, you great ugly old rooster."